

The Evening World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to the Evening World for the United States: One year, \$3.50; One month, .30.

For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union: One year, \$5.75; One month, .60.

VOLUME 48, NO. 18,847.

ROTTEN HOSE.



THREE firemen are dead and a million dollar building is wrecked because of rotten hose and lack of water pressure.

This brings concretely to the attention of the community the fact that had city government has to be paid for in more ways than high taxes, excessive bond issues and impaired city credit.

The death rate in unsanitary tenement houses is as directly due to bad city government as are the deaths of John Fallon, of Fire Patrol No. 3, and Thomas Phillips and George O'Connor, of Engine Company No. 72. But the thousands of needless deaths in dark, unventilated rooms are hid away without the monument of a tottering twelve-story building.

In an interview Fire Commissioner Lantry is quoted as saying: "The hose was rotten beyond any use, and there was lack of pressure. We could not raise water to the twelfth floor without breaking the hose. The men could easily have controlled the flames and prevented their spread if they had the proper materials to work with. The men were forced to resort to fire extinguishers, and even hand grenades, to escape themselves. Attempts to extinguish the flames were useless. They had to burn themselves out."

"We need 200,000 feet of new hose, but we cannot get it. The hose bought in 1905 and 1906, and some of that bought in 1904, has been of poor quality, and great quantities of it burst at every big fire."

"Manufacturers say that the reason is that the specifications, which were changed in 1905, when John H. O'Brien was Commissioner, make it almost impossible to manufacture hose that will stand high pressure."

What Commissioner Lantry says about the hose had been anticipated by the report of a committee of the Board of Fire Underwriters, who said: "At two-thirds of all the houses, more especially in important districts, the hose, especially recent purchases, is defective in quality."

The Board of Underwriters' committee goes into the manner in which this defective hose got into the department, and says that previous to 1905 specifications for hose "agreed closely with the makers' standard practice."

In 1905, according to the Board of Underwriters, concurring as to the date with Commissioner Lantry, the specifications were changed. As regards these new specifications the Underwriters' report says that they were "not so durable as that regularly used by manufacturers," and adds: "The result of this is that the few manufacturers who bid for the New York business under present conditions give the three-year guarantee required unwillingly, although they stand ready to guarantee their regular brands made under their specifications for five years."

John H. O'Brien, who was referred to in Commissioner Lantry's interview, was appointed Fire Commissioner Jan. 1, 1906. He says in a statement "specifications for this \$75,000 worth of hose were drawn by Deputy Fire Commissioner Hugh Bonner, a fact which answers any criticism."

No matter who drew the specifications, it answers no criticism of the fact that the hose burst and that faithful firemen doing their duty without hope of graft or the incentive of a high salary went bravely to their deaths in the vain effort to make up for one of the many deficiencies of a bad city government.

The water supply was also short. The pressure was weak. Mr. O'Brien, who is now Commissioner of Water Supply, says that "the high pressure fire service will be ready for testing by March 1."

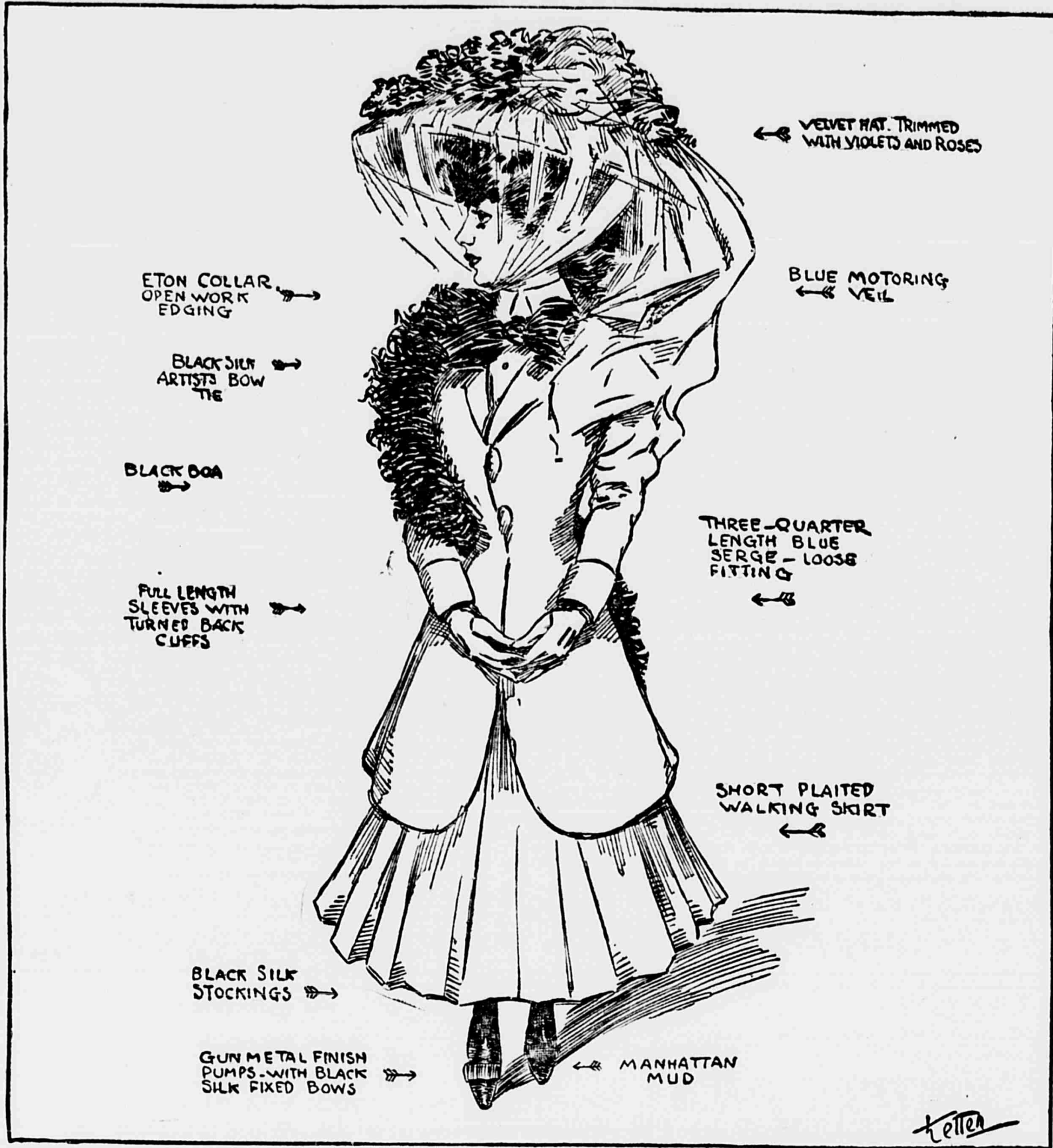
In the meantime, why was not the Croton water made available for fire purposes? Was it for the same reason that the hose was rotten?



HERE LIES THE REMAINS OF JOHN FALLON, OF FIRE PATROL NO. 3, WHO WAS KILLED BY A ROTTEN HOSE.

The Thaw Case.

By Maurice Ketten.



Did You Ever Try Smiling at a Conductor Instead of Paying Your Fare?

Mrs. Jarr Says It Works Finely With Women Who Never Pay Any Other Way.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"DID you ever see such weather as we are having?" said Mrs. Jarr, petulantly. "I do declare, one doesn't know how to dress for it. If one goes out in one's figure it's sure to turn out to be piercing cold, and if one wears a fur coat it's sure to be like a day in June!"

"The weather suits me all right," said Mr. Jarr, "and I'm going out in my figure, as you say, but I'll carry my overcoat on my arm."

"You just put your overcoat on," said Mrs. Jarr, "the first thing you know you'll have the grip and be laid up on my hands, and I've trouble enough, as it is."

"The weather has been bright and clear this morning," said Mr. Jarr, "but the papers say we will have snow."

"You can't depend on what the papers say," said Mrs. Jarr. "I read that it was dangerous to go down town on the subway on account of a building that had been on fire being ready to fall and crush the roof of the tunnel in. And yet you always find fault with me for taking the surface cars."

"You can't take the surface cars on Fourth avenue," said Mr. Jarr.

"I can if I want to!" said Mrs. Jarr, shortly. "I'd like to know who's to stop me?"

"The fire," replied Mr. Jarr. "To protect the Subway they've laid great wooden beams across the street."

"A lot of people should mind their own business," said Mrs. Jarr. "If people are afraid to ride in the Subway let the Subway stop running. Why should folks who want to ride on the surface cars be interfered with?"

"More people use the Subway, that's why," said Mr. Jarr.

"I never use it if I can help it," said Mrs. Jarr. "The way those men shove you into the cars and pack you like sardines is disgraceful, and, anyway, I don't like going up and down the steps and standing in line in front of a ticket office."

"It's the quickest way to travel," said Mr. Jarr. "Give me the Subway."

"I forgot to drop my ticket in the box one day," continued Mrs. Jarr, "and the man shouted after me in the rudest manner. But on the surface cars the conductors are generally very polite. And if they do get impudent and insist you haven't paid your fare, you can threaten to report them, while in the Subway everything goes with a bang, and you're jostled around and hurried so that I don't believe anybody ever gets a chance to ride for nothing."

"Do you ever get a chance to ride for nothing?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, in the surface cars," replied Mrs. Jarr. "If you get in at the front door and the conductor doesn't see you taking your seat—he often doesn't—because you pay for your fare; you can read a paper or look around indifferently as if you had paid your fare, and they seldom do ask you directly. But a good way is to hold your fare in your hand, and if you are asked for it you can hand it over as if you had forgotten it."

"You don't mean to tell me you'd be dishonest about five cents?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"There's nothing dishonest about it if the conductors don't ask you for it, is there?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "That's what they are paid for, and when you are speaking of dishonesty don't forget that conductors are discharged every day for not ringing up fares, and if you do not pay you do not tempt the poor man."

"That's a queer way of looking at it," said Mr. Jarr.

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly says she hardly ever pays a fare in the street cars. When the conductors ask her for it she says she gives them a smile and says nothing, and she says it seems to please them because so many people fuss with them and threaten to report them, but in the Subway you can't get through without dropping a ticket in the box."

"Well, I never heard the beat!" declared Mr. Jarr. "Do you mean to say that all women are like that?"

"Oh, you needn't talk," said Mrs. Jarr. "I've seen men fuss with the conductors, declaring they had paid their fare, and maybe they hadn't either."

"But maybe they did," said Mr. Jarr.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Jarr, "but it would be better manners on their part if they just gave the conductor a smile, or pretended they didn't hear him, like women do."

Miss Lonely Sets Her Trap for a Highbrow Mr. Man ☆ By F. G. Long



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 16—WAGNER'S "RHEINGOLD."

ON a rock in the River Rhine, in the days when the world was young, was fastened a lump of magic gold. Whosoever could win this gold and shape it into a ring would be master of the earth. But it was decreed that no man might seize the treasure unless he first swore to renounce love. The gold was guarded by three water nymphs, daughters of the Rhine god. They were gay, light creatures whose days were spent playing beneath the waters about the rock and admiring the metal's wonderful lustre.



ALBERICH

One day while the trio were thus engaged a mischievous creature crawled up toward them from the slime of the river bottom. It was Alberich, the Nibelung; one of a race of gnomes that lived under the earth. He was lured by the Rhine daughters' beauty and made violent, awkward love to them. The nymphs laughed him to scorn, teasing and flouting him until the gnomes' courting gave place to chattering rage.

Seeing the gold glittering on the rock, he cried:

"If forever love forever! This gold will win me the rulership of the world."

Tearing the magic treasure from its fastenings, he plunged beneath the river bed with it.

Wotan was king of the gods. From the loftiest mountain tops he and his fellow deities governed their human worshippers. Desiring a mighty palace, Wotan had summoned two giants, Fafnir and Fasolt, to build him one. The giants had demanded in payment the fair Freia, goddess of Spring and youth. As Freia was the apple which grew in Freia's orchard kept the gods eternally young, Wotan was loath to part with her. But Loki, the fire god, persuaded him to accept the giants' terms, promising to help him elude payment. Now, at last the palace was completed, and the gods came for Freia. Her status (Wotan's wife), and her brothers, Donner (the god of Thunder), and Froh declared she should not be given up. Wotan was in dire perplexity.

Just then Loki arrived. He had been searching everywhere for something to offer the giants in place of Freia; but nowhere had he found anything they would consider as precious as a beautiful woman. Finally as he was crossing the Rhine, he heard the three nymphs mourning their lost gold. Alberich had fashioned it into a ring, by means of which he had made himself lord of all the gnomes and had set them to collecting for him the priceless treasures of the underworld. He had won limitless power and by the magic of the ring must in time conquer not only the world, but the gods as well. Here at last was something even greater than love, and the giants, hearing of Loki's story, declared they would release Freia if Alberich's hoard of treasure were given them in its stead. Wotan agreed (for already the gods, deprived of Freia's apples, were beginning to grow old), and he and Loki set forth for the underground Nibelung land.

Alberich was causing the gnomes infinite misery. Not only did he keep them working night and day, but he had forced his luckless brother Mime to forge for him an enchanted steel cap known as the Tarnhelm, whose wearer could, at will, either change himself into any form he chose or could render himself absolutely invisible. Wearing the Tarnhelm, Alberich was wont to creep unseen among the gnomes and scourge them into greater activity. As Wotan and Loki reached the Nibelung cavern Mime was howling from one of these beatings. Alberich came in to see what the strangers wanted. Mocking Wotan to be silent, the crafty Loki flattered Alberich's vanity by praising the Nibelung's new found wealth and power, and so played on the gnomes' vanity that Alberich boastfully consented to give an exhibition of the Tarnhelm's skill. He transformed himself into a huge serpent. Loki screamed in mock terror, then suggested that it might be a far harder feat to turn into some small, insignificant creature. Alberich fell into the cunning trap. Putting on the Tarnhelm again, he quickly changed to a toad. No sooner had he done so than Wotan seized him and Loki pulled the Tarnhelm from his head. This restored Alberich to his rightful form, and the two gods overpowered him and bound him. Having thus outwitted and captured the gnomes, they dragged the shrieking prisoner away with them.

Carrying their captive to the lofty abode of the gods, they forced him to send for all his precious gold and jewels. Before releasing the gnomes, Wotan snatched from his finger the ring. Then he bade Loki unbind the Nibelung and let him go. But Alberich, insane with rage at the wholesale robbery, solemnly laid a dreadful curse on the ring and on whomsoever should possess it. Misery, suspicion and death, he vowed, should be the portion of every owner thereof.

"All shall covet the ring," he shouted as he vanished, "but none shall gain enjoyment from it. The Treasure's lord shall be the Treasure's slave!"

The giants returned. They demanded as much of the wealth as should, heaped on the earth, equal Freia in size. The whole hoard did not quite fill this measure. So Wotan was forced to cast the Tarnhelm on the heap. Even this did not suffice, and reluctantly, he was forced to add the ring. No sooner was the ring in the giants' possession than the two began to fight as to which of them should wear it. In the struggle Fafnir slew Froh, picked up the entire hoard and hurried off with it. Thus already had Alberich's curse begun to breed strife and death.

The gods embraced and the rescued Freia and, in delighted procession, turned toward the wonder palace erected for them by the giants. Wotan named the place "Valhalla," and decreed it should henceforth be the home of the gods. Donner cast a rainbow bridge from the mountain top to Valhalla, and the deities crossed in gay procession. As they entered their new abode a sound of weeping arose from the world below. The Rhine Daughters were wailing for their stolen gold.

The story of "The Valkyrie" will be published Thursday.

Notes of a Southern Journey.

THE South is losing its whiskers. Even old Confederates have smooth chins, while the younger generation is abolishing hair from the face. White beards are also beginning to supersede colored ones.

The attention of the Richmond Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Razor-backs is respectfully called to the growing practice of running wire screens between the foundation posts of rural houses, thus shutting the astle porkers out in the poor beams.

The New York carload of vast sample cases. The fine Hotel Gaston, at New Bern, has a half dozen or more sample-rooms where wares can be displayed for inspection by local merchants and where the drummer holds a commercial court.

Richmond carries on a city nursery for the raising of trees. Citizens are supplied with saplings free of charge. The city also has a skating pond. The pond was often the scene of drowning accidents until it occurred to some one to draw the water down to knee deep in the skating season.

Wilmington, Del., has the most important woman's club in the Southern country. By a singular coincidence it is also the headquarters of the powder industry.

The negro graveyards are usually located in low spots, where the digging is easy and where the water stands after the rains—a Baptist idea, perhaps. A pyramid of rough stone on the edge of what was the battlefield of Chancellorsville. It marks the best guess as to the spot where Stonewall Jackson received his fatal wound from a stray shot fired by a Confederate soldier.

Mistletoe grows so plentifully in the branches of the gum trees around New Bern and the girls are so good looking that it suggests an ideal place to spend Christmas. Another curious parasite is a tree fern that grows on the elms along the street. The trunks seem clad with vines, but examination shows them to be really covered with the delicate lacy work of the ferns.

Time-tables are treated playfully by the Southern railroads. They merely serve as an indication of good intentions. The roads duck the reduced fare laws in North Carolina neatly by selling all through tickets at the old rate from New Bern to Washington and Richmond, and the Pullman folks forbid their porters and conductors taking cash to pay the train conductors at State lines. Sleepy folks pay the old rate, but the wretched sit up and pay on the instalment plan and save about one-third.

Roses are still blooming along the Carolina coast line.

The Oldest of English Proverbs.

THE origin of proverbs is interesting. The proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," is probably the oldest of all the familiar English sayings. Its origin is found in the following ancient Greek legend told by Lycophron. Anceus, the son of the god Poseidon and King of the Leleges of Samos, took great pride in his vineyards, and treated most harshly the slaves who worked them. A prophet predicted that as a punishment for his cruelty he would not live to enjoy the wine pressed from his grapes. The harvesting and the wine-making passed in safety, and finally Anceus stood jeering at the prophecy with the first cup of wine in his hand. But the seer replied to the King's mockery "Many things happen between the cup and the lip." At that moment a wild boar broke into the vineyard and Anceus, setting the cup down untasted, hurried off to direct the chase, in which he was killed.

The English Language.

ENGLISH is now spoken by about 125,000,000 people. A century ago it was spoken by 20,000,000 people only. During that period no other leading European language has made the slightest advance. German has held its own and is spoken now by 80,000,000, but this is no higher percentage of the total number of people of European descent than it had a hundred years ago. The United States alone, it is estimated, will contain 300,000,000 when the twenty-first century dawns. As the learning of English is compulsory in India, 300,000,000 more people are being annexed to the English speaking world.

Letters from the People.

Wants More Hotels for Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World: There should be more places where a girl can find board and lodgings. I have been told there are such places just for working girls. I want to one place, but there was no vacancy. I don't know why we working girls don't get hotels built for us, as well as the working men. We have but one and the men dozens of such places. It is hard for a girl to get along. We have to pay twice as much for lodging as the men and we don't earn as much as they do. Come, girls! We don't want charity, but we would like a helping hand.

A. K.

For Bridge Transfers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Here is a plan for the benefit of people employed below Fulton street, Manhattan, who reside in Brooklyn, at the same time relieving the congestion on the Bridge. Why could not the Interborough Company, through an agreement with the B. R. T., sell a ticket of a different form and color, and printed similar to the transfer tickets now in vogue, at the stations below City Hall, which would be shown to the ticket checker at the station purchased, good on any car, surface or elevated, radiating from the Borough Hall? Like wise let the B. R. T. sell what might be termed a tunnel ticket at all their stations and on trolley cars, good to ride through the tunnel as far as Fulton street, New York, in a few cars of each train marked accordingly, making a separate entrance on the Brooklyn side, also separate exits at Bowling Green, Wall and Fulton streets for passengers holding such tickets, thereby preventing them from riding further uptown without paying another fare. This would leave those few cars empty to please the crowds usually waiting at the bridge station to go uptown.

TIMOTHY J. LYONS.

A Watch Computation.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Readers, here is something I have figured out and wish you to try. My watch goes \$627-minutes for every "clock" when I wind it up. This is the way I prove it. First, let it run down, and then notice the exact hour, minute and second. Wind it up slowly, and count the "clicks" (quite a job). When it ran down I added hours, minutes and seconds to the first, then reduced all to seconds and divided by the number of "clicks." I divided that number by 60, I wound up my watch at 1 hour 10 minutes 22 seconds P. M. on Jan. 2, 1908, and it stopped at 1 hour 5 minutes 42 seconds P. M. on Jan. 2, 1908. I added 1 hour, 5 minutes and seconds and got 1 hour, 10 minutes, 18 seconds. I reduced all to seconds and divided by 627, and got 100 minutes per "click." HERBERT C. NIEDHAMMER, Clifton Park, N. J.